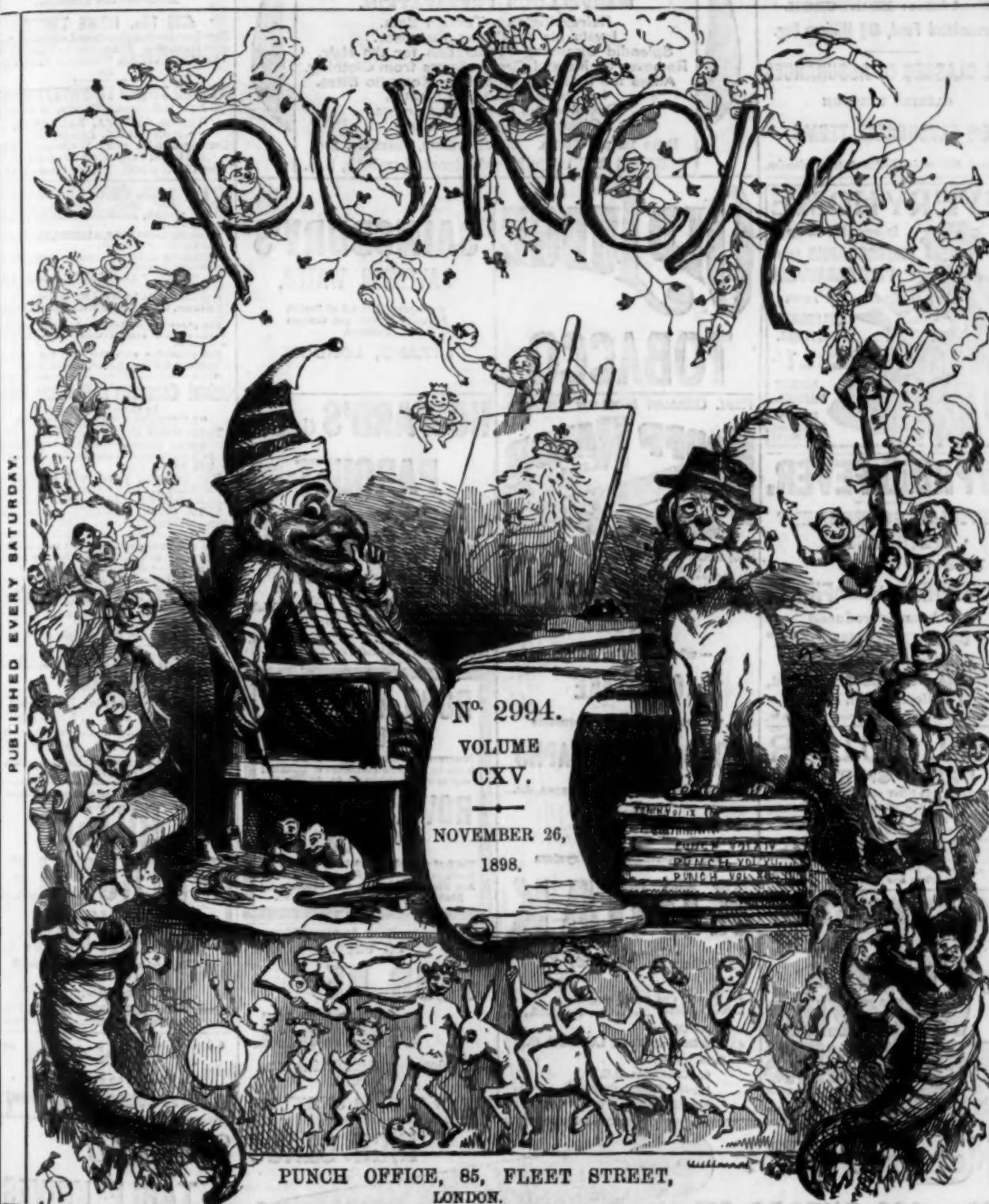


# CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*



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Wholesome, Delightful, and  
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Pleasure Cruises by the  
S.S. "MIDNIGHT SUN," 2,175 tons,  
leaving Marseilles

Dec. 15th, 1898 ..... 30 days ..... 25 Guineas

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Attractive Shore Excursions.

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Fare includes 2nd class travel and seven days  
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10 days, 8 Guineas. 17 days, 10 Guineas.

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## £15 15s. CRUISE.—GIBRAL-

TAR, TANGIER, ALGERIA,  
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December 29th.

23 CRUISE.—NAPLES, ATHENS, PALESTINE,  
EGYPT, January 11th, 1899.

EXTENDED CRUISES, including Constantinople,  
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On the S.S. "ARGONAUT," tonnage 3,340  
h.p. 4,000.

Organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne.

Lectures, the Bishop of Worcester, Dean Farrer,  
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The above Cruises begin and end at Marseilles.

Return ticket, London-Calais-Paris-Marseilles,  
25s. extra.

Full particulars with plan from the Secretary,  
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## Orient Company's Pleasure Cruise

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"LUSITANIA," 3,912 tons register.

To the WEST INDIES and PERMUDA.

Embarking passengers at London (Tilbury)

11th January, and arriving back in London

13th March, 1899.

The following places will be visited—

TENERIFFE, BARBADOS, TRINIDAD,

GRENADE, ST. LUCIA, MARTINIQUE,

SANTA CRUZ, JAMAICA, CUBA (Hav-

tiago), BERMUDA, and MADEIRA.

"Winter afloat in the West Indies is most

like a glorious summer, and at such a time—

when yachts and steam launches are laid up

at home—the trip should be taken."

Fares from 75 Guineas.

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HOTELS.

MONTE CARLO (opens Jan.) Riviera Palace.

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CAIRO ... .. Obelisk Palace.

CAIRO ... .. Shepherd's Hotel.

Full particulars from the London Offices,  
14, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

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(Facing the Mansion House.)

Manufacture: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.



Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.





SCENE—A Booth in the Wild West.

The Curtain has just fallen on the First Act of the "Pirates of the Pacific."

Author. "WHAT IS THE AUDIENCE SHOUTING FOR?"

Manager. "THEY'RE CALLING FOR THE AUTHOR."

Author. "THEN HADN'T I BETTER APPEAR?"

Manager. "I GUESS NOT. THEY'VE GOT THEIR REVOLVERS IN THEIR HANDS!"

# DARBY JONES CONSIDERS MR. TOD SLOAN AND MANCHESTER.

HONOURED SIR,—It were idle to conceal from you that the Departure of J. TOD SLOAN, Esquire, for the Land of the Heaven-soaring Eagle has been hailed with considerable delight, not only by our own Native Knights of the Pigskin, but also by a very large portion of the B. P. Not because J. Tod S., Esquire, is not a very Estimable Personage, but by reason of the fact that, always having had the Pick of our Horses during the Period in which he honoured our little Rabbit-warren, he came to be regarded as a Human Motor-car, capable of driving the most Unreliable Cocks to Victory, and forcing the Genteel Pencilers to lay odds which ought, as Captain KRITERION truly remarks, to have

suffused the cheek of the most Weather-worn Speculator with the Rosy Tint usually ascribed to the Gentle Maiden of Seventeen Summers.

Far be it from me to decry the Equine Performances of this American Centaur. On the contrary, I consider that he has done to Racing what the Australian Cricketers did to the Noble Game for the enjoyment of which Lord's and the Oval are still Oases in Modern Brickland, i.e., he has made our Jockeys sit up while he laid down on the neck of his Chosen Mount. Probably when he returns next year he will find that our Natives have profited by the Opening which he gave them. Perhaps J. Tod S., Esquire, and his Staff may regret the Luxuries of London, but it will be some Epicurean Crumb of comfort for them to remember that they are returning to

Columbia at the height of the Canvas-back Duck Season. Had the Stars and Stripes Cavalier stayed with us for Manchester, no doubt the Horse of his choice would now enjoy the Pre-eminence which *Alt Mark* enjoyed in the Liverpool quotations, and Wagers from all parts of the Globe would have been taking the most Ridiculous Returns for their Outlay. But as things are, it is possible to approach the November Handicap without that sinking of the Heart which invariably accompanied the Sifting of the Wheat from the Chaff, while J. Tod S., Esquire, was busy with the Bridle. In this mood I venture to winnow the Equine grain as follows:—

*Fresh Harbour* will not be my port,  
*Legal Passage* will not have my word;  
The *Upstart* is quite the right sort,  
And *Cheat 'em* has weight for a bird;  
The *Sundarkener*'s well-nigh thrown in,  
If he start, then beware the "green gee";  
But the *Leyman* and *Het 'un* will spin  
Just after the *Man of the Sea*.

I do not guarantee Success, but I trust that I may avert Disaster. With all deference to your Chancellor of the Exchequer, I venture to point out that the Amount of Blue Pencil with which he was callous enough to decorate my Bill of Costs at Liverpool and Derby would shame a Taxing-Master in Chancery. But I beg you, honoured Sir (for I have too much self-respect to address him myself) to assure him that I *smile* at his Pitiable Cheese-paring, having Solid Examples of Courage in Supporting such Noble Quadrupeds as *Duamia*, *Lackford*, *Pintail*, *Sherburn*, *Triden*, and, strange to say, *Waterhen* in my Wallet. I trust that you will not fail to convey to him my *resolute* meaning, at the same time reminding him that while *Omnibi* were made for the Slow, Hansoms were instituted for the Progressive. That he will understand my Sarcasm is more than I can credit, but you, honoured Sir, will readily comprehend my Biting Allusion to his Cheque on Rapid Progression.

Your humble but resentful servitor,

DARBY JONES.

[D. J. may be as resentful as he pleases, but not at our expense. We never authorised him to hire cabs at £3 a day, nor do we intend to do so. As D. J. appears to be in funds, we shall be happy to square accounts. Perhaps he will comprehend our "biting allusion."—Ed.]

## NO MORE DOCTORS.

["The halfpenny-in-the-slot lung-tester, which it is claimed will either prevent a man having consumption, or else tell him beyond all question that he has got it, is shortly to be added to the attractions of the London bar and restaurant."—*Daily Mail*.]

Now with delight we hail the day  
When we'll no longer have to pay  
The skilled physician's heavy price  
For dear but excellent advice;  
If I'm mistaken not, his fee  
Ran to two guineas, sometimes three.

With faces long we used to go  
To worthy Doctor So-and-So,  
Of all practitioners the best  
For any trouble of the chest,  
And then with confidence imbibe  
The mixture which he would prescribe.

Henceforth with doctors we'll dispense  
(The gain to us will be immense);  
One halfpenny placed in the slot  
Will tell us whether we have got  
Consumption, or if we are free  
From all disease pulmonary.



Prince George of Greece (High Commissioner of Crete). "THE TURKS GAVE US A JOLLY GOOD THRASHING FOR TRYING TO GET THIS ISLAND AT FIRST. BUT I'VE GOT HERE ALL THE SAME!"

## THE NEW GUV'NOR.

(To Prince George of Greece, with Mr. Punch's best wishes.)

GEORGE! though the Powers may yet arrange,

For reasons too profound to mention,  
At this conclusive point to change  
The thing they call their fixed intention;

Let neither this disturbing view,  
Nor motives of domestic love, nor  
The question why they go for you  
Instead of some one else as Guv'nor,

Unman you. You have booked your bunk  
Upon the friendly Tartar's vessel;  
Already with your weighty trunk  
The stout Piræan porters wrestle;

And now, before the nauseous main  
Receives you, come! and, like a lamb, let  
Such wisdom trickle through your brain  
As fell from good Polonius (*Hamlet*).

Across the bit of azure brine  
Where lately passed in easy splendour  
The Gentleman from Palestine.

Our humble Faith's Superb Defender,

You sail to regions where the rose  
Is badly wrapt about with briars,  
To rule a race which "One who knows"  
Pronounced a set of sorry liars;

And, since they found that time was saved  
By living each upon his neighbour,  
And consequently often waived  
The dull formalities of labour,

He called them idle-bellied men;  
And doubtless still the island bristles  
With just as smart a lot as when  
The late St. PAUL composed epistles.

For still, when short of other work,  
The native goes and knives his cousin,  
The Christian being to the Turk  
Even as six to half a dozen.

So, when you tread the devious ways  
Of dark vendettas, you will please use  
That tact for wriggling through a maze  
Which marked the character of THESEUS

Follow his steps, but not so near  
As might imply an indiscretion;  
For there were things in his career  
Which left behind a bad impression.

Attic, like you, and full of fun,  
He drank, when dry, of famed Kephissus.  
But ere his time in Crete was done,  
He went and left his local missus!

But to return to Christian Crete:—  
You'll find its temper, thanks to us, is  
Reduced by some degrees of heat  
Since NOEL nicked its blunderbusses;

For people (this you must have felt)  
Who have a natural gift for treason  
Without a pop-gun in the belt  
Are more amenable to reason.

Let this reflection ease the way  
On which you should by now be wending,  
And may the line you take to-day  
Avoid the usual "Cretic ending."\*

\* "In the composition of iambic verse, the 'Cretic,' preceded by a spondee in another word, should be rigorously avoided at the end of a line."  
—*Beginner's Guide to Greek Verse.*

## Horticultural.

Daisy (to her father's gardener). What do you call those flowers, WILLIAM?

William. Them be 'ollioxes, Missie.

Daisy. No, WILLIAM, not hollyoxes, hollyoxen.



The Duchess (who takes a great interest in all her Servants, and has a large house-party). "Oh, so you'RE THE NEW SCULLERY MAID. I HOPE YOU LIKE YOUR PLACE!"

New Scullery Maid. "NO, MY LADY. I WANT TO LEAVE NEXT WEEK. I CAN'T STAND THESE LATE DINNERS. ALL THE LADIES AS I'VE EVER BEEN CONNECTED WITH HAVE JUST TOOK A BIT OF SOMETHING IN THEIR 'ANDS, AND THERE WASN'T ALL THIS WASHING UP!"

## NO IMMEDIATE NECESSITY

For abolishing the School Board for London and the L. C. C.

For taking off two or three pence from the Income Tax.

For subsidising a National Theatre and Opera House.

For repealing the Act permitting, but not insisting upon, the use of motor-cars.

For adopting the American plan of overhead railways for the benefit of the Metropolis and the large towns of the Provinces.

For winding up the Corporation of the

City of London, and applying the proceeds to the reduction of the National Debt.

For extending the principle of the Conscientious Objection Clause in the Vaccination Act to legislation in other directions.

For pensioning off the statutory representatives of the Court of Bankruptcy.

For abolishing the offices of Queen's Proctor and Official Prosecutor.

For declaring HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY Empress of Australia, Canada, and the Colonies.

And last, but not least, for declaring a British Protectorate over Egypt.





He (alluding to "aged" Spinster in mid-distance flirting with young Dash). "MISS ELDERBERRY IS VERY SENSITIVE ABOUT HER AGE, ISN'T SHE?" She. "SHE OUGHT TO BE QUITE USED TO IT BY THIS TIME."

#### SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EAST.

Damascus, November 4.

HONOURABLE EFFENDI (I hope you will not be offended at my thus addressing you), I write to tell you that I have not yet been taken up as an Anarchist, though a friend and compatriot has been hauled before the Beyrout police for "masquerading" in Arab costume on an expedition to Baalbec to-day. His get-up certainly did rather challenge attention. It consisted of a blue caftan embroidered with gold, a plaid scarf fastened round his waist, and a muslin bandana tied over a Winchester football cap, with his socks pulled up over his

trousers. He wanted to study Syrian life, he explained, but he narrowly escaped doing so for life behind the bars of a Turkish prison.

We have seen the Mailed Fist shake hands with the Governor of Jerusalem, and open the new Lutheran Church, and distribute medals to the German blue-jackets on Mount Zion, generally importing an air of "Deutschland über alles" into Palestine, but these matters are now ancient history, and are, besides, only to be handled by Court painters and poets-laureate. A lighter treatment would run the risk of prosecution for *lèse-majesté*, or some other awful crime.

The Jaffa railway is great in scenery, gradients, associations, and everything except trains and rolling-stock. When an unfortunate accident occurred last Monday a few miles from Jerusalem, there was no available locomotive to transport us to the sea. I regret to say we beguiled the long hours of waiting in a German *Bierhaus* hard by the station. Still, when you are in Jerusalem, you must do as the Germans do, i.e., in this instance sit on a table with a *Wurst* in one hand and a beer-jug in the other.

Embarking at Jaffa is exciting, in a rough sea, at 1 A.M., or, indeed, at any time. It is a good deal worse than Durban. You are rowed out to the ship in surf-boats, and nearly wrecked, at starting, on the rock whereon Andromeda was chained. After about twenty minutes' pitching and tossing, you reach your steamer and make shots at the gangway, as the waves rise and fall. In the fearful chamois-leap you take from the boat, all your past misdeeds flash through your mind, and thoughts of

the old folks comfortably in bed at home, the girl (or the luggage) you left behind you, the sweet little cherub sitting up aloft, the Bay of Biscay, Oh! Full Fathom Five, and Auld Lang Syne simultaneously occur to you, with "Man the Lifeboat!" for encore versé. The rest is imprecation and embrocations. Such is the so-called "harbour" of Jaffa.

Yours Orientally, Z. Y. X.

["The muzzling order has been revoked in Buckinghamshire."—*Daily Paper*.]

Shakespeare (à la COLLEY CIBBER, adapted to the situation). Off with his muzzle! So much for Buckingham!



NO SUNDAY MUSIC. BY ORDER OF THE L. C. C.



PLENTY OF SUNDAY MUSIC. BY ORDER OF GENERAL BOOTH.

ON THE CARDS.

SCENE—The Special Stationery Department. Husband and Wife discovered in argument.

Husband. I told you it was absurd dragging me here. How do I know what we want?

Wife. You are always so disagreeable if I choose wrong. You didn't like the wreath of "forget-me-nots" last year.

Husband. Well, it was rather ridiculous sending it to one's dentist.

Wife. And then the year before you objected to "For Auld Lang Syne."

Husband. Yes, when we posted them off to people we had met for the first time the day before yesterday.

Wife. There you go! Always sneering.

Husband. I am not. You would say I was rude if I called you a blithering idiot.

Wife (resignedly). Oh, no. I'm accustomed to it. (Pleasantly.) My mother always said I ought to have married a gentleman.

Husband. Your mother be blessed! (With intention.) I hope she is.

Wife (after a pause). I know you would call me spiteful if I quoted Captain SABRETACHE and called you a c-a-d.

Husband. Indeed! Well, I will dine at the Club. Perhaps I may meet SABRETACHE there and compare notes.

Wife (calmly). Stay away altogether if you like, dear.

Husband (furious). I will.

Attendant. Can I serve you, Madam?

Wife. We want a Christmas card.

Attendant. Have you any preference?

Wife. My husband has. Haven't you, dear?

Husband (to Attendant). Oh, I suppose the usual sort of thing. "Peace and good will," don't you know. Something seasonable!

(Curtain.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OF Christmas books my Baroness writes:—Possibly owing to the unprecedented success of a certain little girl's quaint drawings of "Animal Land," there is a gigantic boom in the ways and doings of ye bipeds and quadrupeds. Very little ones with a thirst for knowledge of unnatural history, will discover much that is sympathetic to their studies in *The Troubles of Tatters* (BLACKIE AND SON), a poor little waif of a dog with a string of tales by ALICE TALWIN MORRIS, and illustrated by ALICE B. WOODWARD. *Stories from Lovely Life* (MACMILLAN & Co.), by C. M. DUFFA, are full of quiet, pleasurable interest, with pictures by LOUIS WAIN. *Sybil's Garden of Pleasant Beasts*, by SYBIL and KATHARINE CORBET, is an uncommonly lively spot, though not limited to a bear-garden. Evidently the animals in *The Fables of Fal*, illustrated by Sir PHILIP BURNE-JONES, have been attacked with that persistent pessimism of fashionable decadence, and the grimness of tragedy is suggested in these stories, especially in that of the "Wail of the Winkles." Both these books are published by DUCKWORTH & Co.

"It is all nonsense," declares the preface; but life would not be worth living without its moments of nonsense, and MARY KERNAHAN's book is *Nothing but Nonsense* (JAMES BOWDEN), and very good it is. The pictures, by TONY LUDOVICI, are simply beautifully ridiculous.

*The Goliwogg at the Seaside* (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.), with pictures by FLORENCE UPTON, and verses by BERTHA UPTON, will be thoroughly appreciated by the most youthful tripper who has tasted the joys of holiday existence by the sad sea waves. Dear little "Red Riding Hood" appears as fresh as ever, artistically re-dressed by WALTER CRANE, in her own *Red Riding Hood's Picture Book* (JOHN LANE), in company with several other old favourites of fairy lore.

These are for the simple student of the nursery. The school-boy's turn comes next, with his insatiable thirst to read of life as he imagines it should be, one long realm of adventure and romance. In *The Treasure Cave of the Blue Mountains* (OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, FERRIER), by OLIPHANT SMEATON, illustrated by JOSEPH BROWN, this ideal is found in thrilling surroundings. And again, in *The Knight of the Golden Chain* (ARTHUR PEARSON), by R. D. CHETWODE, romance is insidiously welded with history, a delicate method similar to that of giving powders in jam.

The utter fierceness of the two gentlemen on the cover of *Draw Swords*, gives a fair notion of MANVILLE FENN's story, which takes place in the early Victorian pre-examination days, when a youthful soldier's existence was certainly then a very lively and

WANTED

A FEW

RESPECTABLE

CROCODILES

APPLY WITH REFERENCES



THE LABOUR MARKET.

An Allegory from the Banks of the Nile.

WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED SOME FINE MORNING AT REGENT'S PARK.

[“There are vacancies at the Zoo for a few crocodiles of large size, and the upper reaches of the Nile are said to be swarming with them.”—*Daily Paper*.]

a happy one. *The White Princess of the Hidden City*, by DAVID LAWSON JOHNSTONE, is not a fairy-story, as the title might suggest, but a wonderful romance of adventure in Central America, the land of sudden revolutions. So that the unexpected inevitably turns up. Such a capital situation for upsetting events. Complaints are very often heard that in the matter of literature boys are more considered than girls. For once there will be unmitigated delight among the bashful maidens of fifteen over L. T. MEADE'S *The Girls of St. Wode's* (W. AND R. CHAMBERS, the publishers of the books above-mentioned in this paragraph). The "new" girl has evidently a high old time in an up-to-date college, rather different to the prim academy of old, where deportment and the prisms of life were of genteel consideration. For smaller young women, Mrs. MOLESWORTH has one of her charmingly-written tales, *The Magic Nuts* (MACMILLAN), which will prove pleasant cracking. What comes out must not be discovered. "Not for nuts" will we reveal the mystery beforehand. There are pictures by ROSIE M. PITMAN.

Like "Brer Rabbit" of old acquaintance, the animals lie low in *The Hollow Tree*, and only come out to bring these tales, which have been repeated by ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, who constitutes himself the story-teller. The pictures are very excellent, by J. M. CONDÉ, and the book is published by A. CONSTABLE & Co. THE BARON DE B.-W.

HUNTING "DAY BY DAY."

"THE Mudsquashington Foxhounds had a good day's sport from Wotaisname Coverts (which were laid for a large number). They found in Thingamy Woods, rattled him round the Osier Beds, and then through the Gorse, just above Sumware. Leaving this and turning left-handed, he ran on as far as Sumotherplace, where he finally got to ground. Amongst the numerous field were Lord FOOZLE and Lady FRUMP, Messrs. BORKINS, POSHBURY, and TOMKYN-SMITH."

• Half a dozen similar paragraphs cut out as being too exciting for the average reader's brain to bear.—Ed.



## BEGINNING EARLY.

*Dorothy.* "OH, MAMMA DEAR, EVERY DAY WHEN I GO TO SCHOOL, A NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY WILL KISS ME!"

*Mamma.* "WELL, DARLING, YOU SHOULD RUN AWAY."

*Dorothy.* "WELL, BUT—SUPPOSE HE DIDN'T RUN AFTER ME?"

## I GUESS THAT'S SO.

(From Mr. Punch's Vagrant Contributor.)

SIR,—I propose (of course with your permission) to place my British heart on exhibition, to show it throbbing with a wild pulsation of pride and ardour for the Yankee nation, to prove that, when the question's one of liquor, blood takes the cake because it's always thicker, and that allies when they are out for slaughter think much of blood, but pour contempt on water; that from our theatres—each with quite a full pit—from crowded platform and from thundering pulpit; from the great Banquet where, their waistcoats undone, the merchant princes of well-turtled London gather in throngs about the civic chair and toast creation *plus* the new Lord Mayor; from Court and Castle as from town and village, from teeming street, from less frequented tillage; where Caledonia, neither stern nor wild, nurses at present no poetic child; where emerald Erin, always with some Bill on, now shouts for REDMOND and now yells for DILLON; where the famed men of Harlech in the hollow, armed cap-a-pie, make "billion" rhyme to "follow," and where the Church—this is peculiar, very—of Wales is in the See of Canterbury; from where, resembling lovely flowers that lack scent, English is spoken with an English accent—in fact from everywhere throughout our islands, from East, from West, from South and eke the Highlands, one voice is heard whose echo drowns all others, "Hail to the Yankees, they're our friends and brothers!"

This being so, I take my heart in hand, Sir—you'll notice how it beats "to beat the band," Sir—and filled with all good feeling, as I am, offer both heart and hand to UNCLE SAM. He, too, I understand, across the ocean displays a very similar emotion. He's just got through (it might begin again) a pretty tidy bout

of knocks with Spain. I sometimes wonder how to Spain the dose felt when the Rough Riders stormed that hill with ROOSEVELT, and how it looked to see the fiery TEDDY, while his teeth flashed and, riding far ahead, he cheered with fierce shouts (but where was General SHAFER?) his gallant cowboys who came rushing after.

These are the men, brave hearts and lots of muscle, to push their way through every kind of tussle: these are the men, our stalwart kith and kin, who 'mid the bullet-hail and battle-din set their chins square and in their tattered jeans give to their foeman what they feed on—beans. These are our friends, with them, when war-clouds lower and other nations sulk and growl and glower, we can clasp hands across the stormy sea and face the world, our watchword, liberty! Friendship like ours of oceans is a spanner; who recks of distance when their starry banner and our red flag are side by side unfurled and wave triumphant o'er the attentive world?

Pardon this burst, I merely meant to say, Sir, that musty bygones now have had their day, Sir; that if the Rescript fails and wars continue I pin my faith to Anglo-Saxon sinew, the whole of which—ye kindly fates I thank ye!—is owned by us and by our friend the Yankee.

## Robbie Burns re-blacked.

(On seeing the bronze statue of Robert Burns being "renovated" in the Embankment Gardens.)

ONCE more, my BURNS, lest thou thy lustre lack,

We paint thee black;

Because we know 'twould make thee far less bright

To wash thee white.





**"DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS!"**

PUNCH (Landlord of the "Two Cross Flags"). "FILL UP, MY HEARTIES! IT LOOKS LIKE 'DIRTY WEATHER' AHEAD, BUT YOU TWO—JOHN AND JONATHAN—WILL SEE IT THROUGH, TOGETHER!"





CHANGELINGS; OR, A STORY WITHOUT (POLITE) WORDS.

"THEM'S THE ONLY DOGS AS COME BY THIS TRAIN, SIR. THE GUARD SAYS AS 'OW THERE WAS THREE SPORTIN' DOGS, AS 'AD ATE THEIR LABEL OFF, WOT'S GONE ON BY THE SCOTCH EXPRESS."

REMBRANDT—A STUDY.

(By One who loves Art and Economy.)

Oh! the delight to hear that the richest treasures of Dutch painting were to be centred in Amsterdam! In a word, REMBRANDT! The entire civilised world were yielding specimens of the mighty master! Contributions were coming from Russia, France, England, everywhere. Sovereigns, princes, nobles, and many millionaires were among the contributors! Glorious thought! I should see the greatest of great painters face to face!

I have been—swiftly and economically—to Amsterdam. I braved the terrors of the deep and a third-class carriage from the Hook. I put up at an appropriate hotel. So great was my impatience to see these grand works of art—to be able to inspect the solitary presentment of a horse, the rare mythological subjects—that I took a

train. I spared no expense. Then I rushed up the stairs. I threw some forty or fifty small coins on the turnstile.

"Not enough."

"Not enough!" I echoed. But I was imperfectly acquainted with the Dutch coinage, so I pulled out of my pockets several further handfuls of copper discs.

"They amount to half a guilder. Not enough."

"Impossible! How much do you want?"

"Two guilders and a half;" and the gatekeeper pointed to one of my silver cart-wheels.

But this was too much! The Academy costs only a shilling, and the Salon on certain days a franc.

It was too much. So I have returned. I still love REMBRANDT. Adore his work. But I did not see any of his pictures in Amsterdam.

But then, on the other hand, I saved five francs!

FORTHCOMING INVENTIONS.

(By Our Own Mr. Tesla.)

["Mr. NIKOLA TESLA has invented a machine for projecting powerful electric currents into space which will destroy any object against which they are aimed. He also offers to turn the machinery at the Paris Exhibition by electric force from Niagara, which is to be dispatched across the Atlantic without wires."—Daily Paper.]

In answer to an appeal from Mr. Punch for further novelties, Mr. TESLA offers us the following:—

An electric machine for the distribution of the heat at present running to waste in the crater of Vesuvius among the kitchens of the Metropolis, where it would be useful for cooking purposes.

An extension of Signor MARCONI's system of wireless telegraphy by which London could be supplied with water from the craters which astronomers affirm can be perceived on the planet Mars. This should be of great assistance to the London County Council.

A flying-machine propelled by electric waves in the atmosphere, which would enable the business-man to go from Clapham to the City every morning without taking an omnibus. The same machine would take him home in the evening if a return ticket was taken. Fares—3d. for the journey, 5d. return.

An electric apparatus by which heat waves could be attracted from the Sahara in winter, and cold waves from the North Pole in Summer, thereby providing an equable and pleasant climate for London.

An electric converter by which the X-rays (Y "X"-rays?) could be utilised in the lighting of the London streets, and in propelling motor-carriages between Northumberland Avenue and Richmond.

An electric fog-disperser. This ingenious machine could be set up at every street corner, and could be set in motion at any moment on placing a penny in the slot. Half-pennies or bent coin must not be used.

For particulars of further projects, apply to the Editor of this paper.



Laundress Herschell at the White House.

STIFFENING ANGLO-AMERICAN TIES.

["Lord HERSCHELL was entertained at the White House last week by President MCKINLEY."]



## [ READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS.



M. LE PRÉSIDENT, FÉLIX FAURE.

*Arms:* Quarterly; 1st, on a ground virulent two crosses of the legion of honour couped by a presidential hand sinister from the breast of two dreyfusards of repute, steadfast in rectitude; 2nd, under the shield of the chief of the state tainted with bias, several dapper heraldic scoundrelles of the staff, plumed proper, braided gold to the waist, all banded together and rampant in tort; 3rd, a series of highly-strung journalistic lyres in perry on the garble proper falsetto in unison; 4th, on a rock of degradation, interned in exile, a military scapegoat charged with treason, loaded with chains of evidence designed forged and welded in fraud, on the horizon, the first rays of a dawn of hope breaking through clouds of fury. *Crests:* 1st, on a cap of liberty query, stained spotted and ensanguined gules, a peacock in pride proper, his head slightly turned, charged with the riband and star of the order of St. Andrew and a penchant for display verging on puerility; 2nd, on a bend of the upper Nile a tricoloured african interlope of civilization, dumped down squatty on the bank, collared eradicated and reflexed in agony. *Supporters:* Dexter, a russian bear sable, imperially crowned and gorged with loans hysterically courted and caressed ad nauseam, simper bowy bendy to the last, but reluctant in committal. Sinister: A double-faced eagle of muscovy regardant azure in dismay a kettle of fish à la parisienne. *Second motto:* "Felix fortunatus cæsaris sociusque amicus."

*Additional motto:* "FÉLIX ILL-ÉGALITÉ."

## IMPRESSIONS TO BE CORRECTED.

(To restore the entente cordiale.)

## DOVER SIDE.

That one Englishman can thrash at least half-a-dozen Frenchmen.

That London is infinitely superior to Paris, and Notre Dame not a patch on Westminster Abbey.

That our Gallic neighbours like to be reminded of the Battle of Waterloo.

That it would be better to get it over at once.

That "by Jingo if we do."

## CALAIS SIDE.

That England was defeated by the French from Agincourt to Waterloo.

That all English "Meeses" have projecting front teeth, and their fathers wear tweed suits and Dundreary whiskers.

That JOHN BULL can be squeezed into any thing.

That London is always in a fog, and consists chiefly of Leicester Square and Vauxhall Bridge Road.

That Albion is always perfidious.

That France is strong enough to master the world, with Great Britain included.

## TO A FOND MAMMA.

In these degenerate latter days,  
When *laissez faire* is all the rage,  
When boys and maidens go their ways,  
And Youth pays little heed to Age;  
When fathers, with, perhaps, a groan,  
Obey their offspring's stern injunctions,  
When the exploded chaperone  
Performs mere ornamental functions—

In these degenerate times, I say,  
One wholesome fact I must report,  
There still exists, thank Heaven, to-day  
One mother of the good old sort—  
One mother bold beyond the rest,  
Her motherly back-seat forsaking,  
Pursuing with whole-hearted zest  
That fine old industry—match-making!

Dear madam, your appearance rare  
Must needs excite our pleased remark,  
No longer need we now despair  
Of seeing dodos in the Park.  
We all know where a match is made,  
Yet Heaven, being at a distance  
(I think it cannot be gainsaid)  
Should profit much by your assistance.

Blest wife is she who tries to make  
Her precious daughters likewise blest.  
Who hustles round—"for SOPHY's sake"—  
And you are bustling all your best.  
Then scorn your neighbours' paltry smiles  
(For ridicule's the meed of virtue),  
And, when they spot your little wiles,  
Don't let such trifles disconcert you!

Yet, moved by no intention rude,  
I do implore you to amend  
Your methods, some of which are crude—  
I speak but as a candid friend.  
With pleasure I attend your "shows,"  
Because by some right intuition  
You label me, as I suppose,  
Most wisely, "Not for competition."

Then, since it is my privilege high  
To play the part of looker-on,  
One further word of warning I  
Would venture, by your leave, upon.  
One sage remark from days ago  
(My nurse's) in my memory linger—  
That those who play with matches are  
Extremely apt to burn their fingers.

Still, let not that discourage you,  
Play out your fond maternal part.  
Each failure give you strength anew,  
And each rebuff increase your art!  
Dear madam, I sincerely pray  
Success may some day crown your labours  
To plant SOPHY, JANE, and MAY,  
Upon your male reluctant neighbours!

## IN THE IMPERIAL TRAVELLING-BAG.

FIVE naval uniforms of various nationalities.

Somebody's infallible cure for sea-sickness.

Death warrant (ready for signature) for the execution of the inventor.

Two hundred telegrams, to an assortment of celebrities, containing congratulations, &c., not sent, as the Imperial yacht did not touch at a post-office.

Hotel coupons for Palestine, returnable on deduction of a percentage.

"Turkish before Breakfast; or, how to be able to converse with the Sultan, in six easy lessons."

Death-warrant (ready for signature) for the execution of the author.

Twelve and a half pounds of costly jewels brought on board at Constantinople.

Draft for a treaty, with dates and signatures omitted.

Twenty-seven proposals for loans—all "under consideration."

"I. O. U." for the "ridiculous sum of half-a-crown."

Shirts, cuffs, collars, and toilette requisites.

A false nose, to be used while preserving an incognito, and large photograph of the SULTAN—very much damaged.

INDOCILIS PAUPERIEM PATI.

"Any Husband to any Wife."

To marry you, I know, was rash,  
Upon an income such as mine.  
I know that we have made a hash  
Of what should make all lives divine.  
But if my throat I'm not to gash,  
Nor drown me in the Serpentine,  
Please from recrimination cease,  
And let us have a little peace.

If I were you, I think I'd save  
By sneering less at bombazine,  
And would conceal how much I crave  
For butter when there's margarine;  
Of oysters I would never rave,  
Nor talk about the might-have-been—  
But you would wear and drink and eat  
The same as those whose ends can meet.

This would be but a little thing,  
That burden would I meekly bear,  
But for the shrill incessant ring  
Which rends the circumambient air,  
Which on my head I always bring  
At any word of thrift and care—  
You seem to think, when money's tight,  
Extravagance your due and right.

So be it—our affairs are bad,  
But that is the concern of fate,  
No loans from "uncle" can be had  
Upon an actual uncle's plate.  
I don't repine, but let me add  
One word anent our parlous state—  
Please from recrimination cease,  
And let us have a little peace.

DISCIPLINE ALL AT SEA.

(Fragment from a Nautical Realistic Romance of the possible Future.)

It was a sad spectacle. The Admiral glanced sorrowfully at the mutineers. They had disabled the quick-firing guns, and put out the fires. The disaffection aboard the *Majestic* had spread to another vessel. It was no longer a matter of throwing about orange-peel and pomegranate-pips, but one of stern principle.

"Will any of you men come out and argue with me?" was the invitation of the Admiral.

There was a movement, and then TOM LANYARD, the smartest and tautest tar in the service, took two paces to the front and saluted.

"It's not for the likes of me to speak to the likes of you, your honour," said the salt, respectfully, but firmly. "All I know is, we take it as hard—very hard."

"My lads, I want to be reasonable. I am sorry to see you here, TOM LANYARD, you whom I regarded as faithful as William the betrothed of Black-Eyed Susan. You were the pride of the fleet."

"That was I, your honour," replied the sailor, modestly. "I was better than him, because I have a surname, and so far as I know, he hadn't."

"That's true enough, my lad," returned the Admiral, struggling with his emotion. "Then why mutiny?"

"Because you stopped our toffee, your honour. Asking your pardon, we can't do without our toffee. Since grog was stopped and tobacco put on the black list, we can't do without our toffee."

"But be reasonable, my lads," replied the commander. "You know that toffee made your fingers sticky, and how could you keep the quarter-deck clean with sticky fingers?"

Before the man before the mast could



ON TOUR.

Heavy Tragedian. "DO YOU LET APARTMENTS TO—AH—THE PROFESSION?"  
Unsophisticated Landlady. "OH, YES, SIR. WHY, LAST WEEK WE HAD THE PERFORMING DOGS HERE!"

reply, a French ship approached, and the British vessel, having their quick-firing guns dismantled, had to surrender. So the remainder of the conversation was carried on in a foreign prison. Owing to this untoward circumstance, the result reached was never divulged to the civilian public.

A POLYGLOT POEM.

A MADCHEN jeune et belle amo,  
Mit yeux charmantes of blue,  
And moi je sing passim I go,  
Carita zoë mou.

Ma colleen is so kald and shy,  
Quoique divinely fair,

Her cavalier servente, I  
Sum tempted to despair.

Quien sabe? though she may relent  
Elle n'aime pas other men,  
I'll pour cette raison be content,  
Dum spiro spero then.

The ne plus ultra of my life,  
To win her cor would be,  
Und ganz geuiss une liebe wife  
I ken she'd make for me.

Heureka! mon amour is great,  
Und vult not be disdained,  
I muncta her so I will wait  
Until le prix est gained.



*Golfer, whose Ball has lodged under Stone, has had several unsuccessful shots, and finally, with a tremendous stroke, smashed his Club.*

*Old Man.* "YOU PUT ME IN MOIND OF MY OLD JACKASS."

*Golfer.* "WHAT D'YOU MEAN, YOU IDIOT?"

*Old Man.* "YER'VE GOT MORE STRENGTH THAN KNOWLEDGE!"

### AFTER MACBETH'S BANQUET.

*(A Shakspearean Supplement.)*

BY THE SWAN OF STRATFORD-ATTE-BOWE.

THIS is one of the scenes which SHAKESPEARE would have written if he had only thought of it. As it is, save for a few vague allusions—guarded, as was natural in members of the house-party—made, in Act III., Sc. 6, by Lenox and "Another Lord," we are quite in the dark as to the private opinions of the guests concerning a banquet which, either from a social or a gastronomic point of view, was scarcely a success. Here the omission is supplied, and, in deference to the modern spirit which now animates blank verse, without too pedantic an insistence upon Elizabethan diction.

The characters represent those neighbouring lords who, being invited only to the Banquet and not "to dine and sleep," would naturally walk home so early in the evening without waiting for their respective conveyances, and, being human, would inevitably discuss the eccentric manner in which they had been entertained. They are:—

*First Lord* (a middle-aged, sensible, and somewhat sententious nobleman).

*Second Lord* (a Kailyard Chieftain, canny and homely of speech). MEM.

—It is singular that SHAKESPEARE, in a play dealing so largely with Scottish history and character, should never once have attempted to suggest the local colour by a touch of dialect. But possibly he was not very good at it.

*Third Lord* (a light-hearted young Peer with a tendency to cheery colloquialism, which some critics may condemn as out of keeping with the period. But what about the Bard's own anachronisms?).

The scene is outside the Palace Gates, Forres. And now we can get on:

*First Lord* (to *Second Lord*, as they pass out). You go my way, I think?

*Second Lord* (with characteristic caution). I'd no juist say My road was in a deerferent direction.

*First Lord*. Good! Shall we walk together?

*Second Lord*. Oin ye wull.

*Third Lord* (calling after them). What ho! you fellows, wait a jiff for me.

*[They do.]*

*(Overtaking them.)* Well? . . . What price Highland hospitality?

*First L.* Think you MACBETH's deliberately done us?

*Third L.* He cannot boast that he has done us well. To be fired out, our mouths still full of salmon, And shown the exit e'er we saw an entrée, Was scarce encouragement to come again!

*First L.* King DUNCAN never would have served us so!

*Second L.* Ou ay, his denners were a wee bit dool—

But hoots! a body filled his wame the while!

*Third L.* MACBETH's idea of being "large in mirth"

Would cast a gloom upon the cheeriest funeral.

*Second L.* Sall! but the feckless way he sent us in!

"Set doon," says he, "ye ken yer ain degrees."

'Twas naething but rideeculous to see

A MUNKITRICK below the MACINTOSH,

And auld GLENLIVAT girn abune the saut!

*Third L.* A jumpier host I ne'er clapped eyes upon;

He seemed incapable of sitting down!

*First L.* Most upstarts are deficient in repose.

*Third L.* His Queen supplied the style; you heard his speech?

"Ourself will mingle with Society,

Our hostess keeps her state." How's that for frills?

*Second L.* The stoot stand-offish kimmer, set her up!

I mind the day herself, a captain's leddy,

Wad blush for pleasure gin we praised her haggis!

*First L.* These unaccustomed crowns cause swollen heads,

And self-made monarchs oft outgrow their boots.

*Third L.* He used to be a decent sort enough,

And really seemed confoundedly cut up

About that business up at Inverness.

*Second L.* I canna think he's been the same men sence.

'Tis verra strange—

*Third L.* Nay, not so bally strange.

For when a fellow puts up Scotland's king,

Just for the night, and bundles out of bed

To hear his royal guest's been foully murdered

By his own sons,—well, put it how you like,

'Tis apt to prove a rather nasty jar!

*Second L.* I'm no denying but ye may be right.

What wull ha' keptit BANQUO from the denner?

*Third L.* Oh, "unavoidably detained!" no doubt.

Or "felt too indisposed"—the good old lie!

*First L.* The King, methought, was less annoyed than hurt,

So heartily he drank to his good health!

*Second L.* 'Twas no the first gude health he'd drunk the day.

*Third L.* Why, now I think of it, he did seem odd:

Complained of seeing things—

*First L.* (with interest). What things, my lord?

*Third L.* Oh, well, you know—the usual sort of things.

For instance (if I caught his words aright),

Such creatures as a rugged Russian bear,

An armed rhinoceros, and Hyrcan tiger.

*Second L.* (with patriotic indignation). There's no sic beasties in the hail o' Scotland!

*First L.* 'Tis well, indeed, we came without our wives.

Small wonder that his scandalous behaviour

Should so upset the Queen, who little thought

To see the massy superincumbent gilt

Thus soon forsake her royal gingerbread!

It strikes me (but you'll let this go no further)

Those two have failed of late to hit it off.

I may be wrong—

*Second L.* Na, na, ye're no faur aff't,

She canna bide his blether! I ken fine—

*Third L.* (impatiently). More full we seem of gossip than of grub,

What say you to some supper at the club?

*[They ascent as scene closes in.]*

\* (N.B.—If Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON should wish to obtain leave from the Swan of S.-a-B. to include this fine scene in his *Macbeth* production, his application will meet with careful consideration. Terms reasonable.)

*La Liberté*, commenting on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech last week, observed, that when England had frustrated the designs of France everywhere, JOHN BULL would then approach her, and in execrable French would say, "*Volez vos joer avec moa.*" *La Liberté*, having evidently CHAMBERLAIN on the brain, should have written, "*Volez vos 'Joey' avec moa.*"

**RACE OF THE SOIL.**—Our Champion Idiot is reported to have entered into an unsuccessful speculation in connection with the Cesarewitch. But he did not see the race run. "No," said he, in his epigrammatic manner; "what was the use of carrying coals to Newmarket?"



**LIQUEURS OF THE  
COE. CHARTREUSE.**

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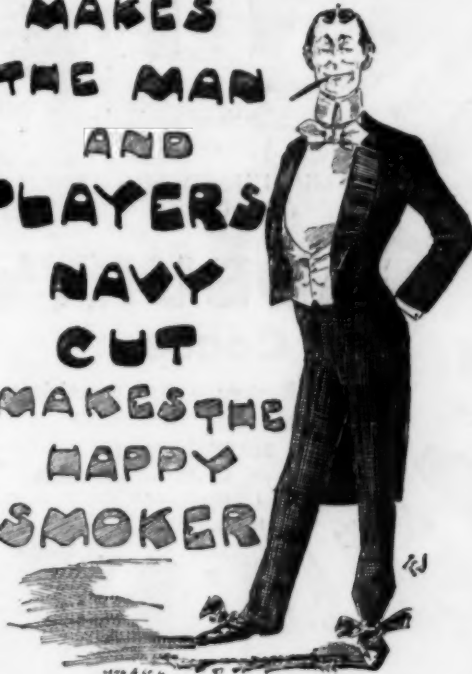
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